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614 but the kind of bird is not specified, and this particular version
773 omits the statement that all the people are descended from the sons of the old woman, so it provides no clue as to the ideas held about the original relation of the people to the birds whose names they have given to their clans.

At Saposa I obtained a version of the myth which differs from the others in passing briefly over the incidents connected with the monster, which figure largely in all the rest, but giving in detail the [115] origin of the clans from the children born to the old woman. I got it from two very old women, Temin and Bo'in. They told it, with endless repetitions and digressions, throughout the whole of a long day, in snatches, with intervals for rest, for they were very feeble and quickly became tired. It was like listening to the recital of an epic. Even through the quavering whimper of extreme age, one felt that the speakers were telling what was to them no mere tale, but a recital of truths that went to the very roots of the life of their people. The portion of the story that is relevant to the subject under discussion is here given in somewhat abbreviated form, as the disconnected way in which it was told makes it hard to follow in literal translation.

The old woman is here called Morena. The first part of the story, as told in other places, how all the people ran away from the monster and left her alone, was omitted; it begins at the point where Morena wished to put an end to the pig who had frightened away the rest of the people and threatened to eat her.

582 She said: 'There is no one to give me a child, I think I had better try
614 with a banana.' So she took two bananas and copulated with them.
773 Then she became pregnant, and the first child to be born was a girl. 'Ah, that is no use.' So she copulated again with bananas, and became pregnant again, and another child was born, this time it was a boy. 'That's all right, presently the pig will be killed.' She copulated again, and bore another girl, so now she had two girls. She said to them: 'You must be the wives of my son.' So her two children copulated, and the girl bore a child. Then Morena said: 'These are your clans. One of you belongs to Nakarib, one of you belongs to Naboin, and as for your children, they belong to Nakas.' Now at first there were no other clans, they came later. The boy who was Naboin copulated with the girl who was Nakarib, the girl bore a female child who was Nakas. Now Morena forbade the child Nakas to copulate with Naboin, because he was her father. So Morena copulated again with a banana, but the child she bore was a girl, she called her Nagai. Again she copulated, and bore

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539 773 into birds, she turned herself into a *kumina* (white ant) and was not a woman any more, and her children were birds.

The story is finished.

●[115] This story is here given as told to me by Sonokum, a leading man of the village of Kohiso in the hill district of central Buka. It is the most detailed of several variants obtained by me, but it does not state, as do some of the others, that the people are descended from the two sons of the old woman. It is the only one which gives the transformation of the boys into birds. The [116] two divisions of the Buka people are called Manu (Eagle) and Kekeleo (Fowl), but no statement was made connecting these with the birds of the story.

539 171 439 773 The people of Nissan, an island between Buka and New Ireland, say that the story originally belonged to them, and that the identical tree in which the old woman hid is still to be seen on the island, and also the bones of Monohan. They add that as the bones lay on the ground a little snake ate some of them, and he turned into a pig, and was the origin of all the pigs on Nissan, from whence they were sent to all the other islands. Nissan is famous for its pigs, and the natives of Buka go over in canoes—little short of a hundred miles of open and stormy sea—to buy them.

539 773 171 In a version from Petats, the monster who ravaged the land is represented as a very large and fierce pig called Burtcheni. This is so also in a version from the neighbouring island of Pororan, given to me by Mr. Gordon Thomas. As told on Bougainville, the place of the pig is taken by a being described as an *urar* (a word usually meaning the spirit of a dead person) called Towaniwa in the version current at Kurtatchi (where it is spoken of as female), and Burau in that from Ruri, a neighbouring village speaking a different dialect. In both of these versions the two sons are called Mator (Matan), *i.e.* Right-handed, and Kiruk (Keruka), *i.e.* Left-handed. Unfortunately I omitted to ascertain the meaning of the names Tchikenau and Bakiano in the Kohiso version.

In the Kurtatchi version, after the monster is killed, the old woman takes out his bladder and sets it adrift in the sea, telling

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539 773 Tchinaleke climbed up a *karao* close to the couple, and they took an axe and cut the *karao* right through, and she fell down, and her bones were broken. The man and his wife went up into the sky. Tchinaleke lies at Lonahan, she is a stone now, she is there always.

[266] Now all the people eat man, if they go to fight and kill some people, they eat them. But they do not eat their kinsmen.

[775] This story was told to me by Pinari, the old chief of Kurtatchi. I have an almost identical version from Sakwon, an old man of Pororan, besides several fragmentary versions. There is also another, quite different, story purporting to account for the eating of human flesh. The incident of people going up into the sky occurs in several stories.

[823] There is a rock at Lonahan, on the east coast of Buka, called Tchinaleke, which the natives say is her body turned to stone. It has a rough resemblance to a limbless figure lying with its head turned sideways. It is a natural formation, but there is a [324] stone pillar of human workmanship at the foot of a *tchiniv* tree at the top of the cliff just above. Pinari said this was Tchinaleke, but the local natives took me to the rock previously mentioned as the authentic Tchinaleke.

G. Camden Wheeler gives a version of this story (*Mono-Alu Folk-Lore*, No. 45) but no connection is indicated with the practice of eating human flesh, neither is the woman turned into stone.

Class III. Natural History Stories.

538 821 In this category I have placed stories accounting for natural phenomena, the moon and stars, the contours of the land, the presence of certain curiously shaped rocks, of caves, reefs, whirlpools, etc. Perhaps the following is one of the most interesting.

How the Moon got into the Sky.

539 821 The people went to the taro gardens. One woman was lazy, she stayed in the village doing nothing. Her husband

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was angry about the work. He came back to the village, he asked her: "What is the matter with you, woman? Are you sick, that you are so lazy about going to the taro garden? The taro stalks have all gone bad, there is no woman to plant them." 539 821

Night came, the man slept. The woman went at night, she took the moon and put it on the root of a tree. The moon shone. The woman worked, she planted the taro stalks. She finished planting them all. She weeded the taro. She went back. She took the moon and covered it up with leaves, and hid it in the bush. She pretended to go to sleep.

Dawn came again. The man said to her: "You and I will go to the taro garden." She idled again, she pretended to be sick. The man went alone. He went to look for the taro stalks. He saw the taro stalks that the woman had planted. He went back, he asked his wife: "Who has planted our taro stalks?" The woman said: "Oh, I don't know, I am sick."

Then she went again, and the man went quietly behind her. The woman took the moon again and put it on the root of a tree. The man came up quietly and saw it, he saw the woman working by the light of the moon. He came up and held her fast: "You and I are glad about the moon, our thing, belonging to us two, our good thing, don't tell anybody." Then the woman was angry, she took a knife and cut the moon in pieces. She threw it away, it went up on top into the sky. "You go, moon, by and bye you be cold at night up there. These pieces are stars, this piece is the sun by day, by and bye it will be hot and will make the bush dry." [115]

This version was given to me by Pinari's son, Wasei, who said he learnt it from his father. I have also a version, from Petats, written down in the Petats dialect by Jilohin, from his father, Gerau, and another, slightly different, from Kohiso, hill village of Buka. None of the other versions mentions the stars or the 539 821 171

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539 over Bas, and scalded his skin, so that it came up in blisters. That is why the iguana has a rough skin like a crocodile. Bas wriggled and wriggled, and at last he broke the rope and ran away into the bush.

Ever since then, every time an iguana finds the bush fowl's eggs he eats them, and if he finds little chickens he eats them too, but he can't catch the fowls themselves because they fly up into the trees and get away from him.

[115] 539 171 The version was given to me in Pidgin English by Jiapin, a young man of Petats. I have another, rather less detailed, from Sakwan of Pororan, and others from Kurtatchi.

A similar incident is given by Seligman in his story of "The Lizard and the Bird" (*Melanesians of British New Guinea*, p. 411) from the Southern Massim, Wamira, Goodenough Bay. In this case the story ends by the bird eating the lizard, and nothing is said about the lizard's skin.

Class VI. Animal Association Stories.

538 825 With reference to the human behaviour of the animals in stories of the preceding class, it seems pretty clear that the natives look on it in much the same light as we regard, let us say, the behaviour of "The Three Bears". But there is a variety of animal stories behind which lies much more than this. In addition to their clan totems, these natives recognise a personal association with certain creatures, by means of which some, but by no means all, persons exercise a measure of control over the creature thus connected with them, and may command it to do their bidding, or call upon it to refrain from injuring them or their friends. The conception is similar, I think, to that described by Ivens [7] as existing in the S.E. Solomons between a man and his "familiar". To go into this subject in detail would take us beyond the bounds of folk-lore, but the stories which

[7] W. G. Ivens, *Melanesians of the South-East Solomon Islands*, (London, 1927), pp. 238 ff.

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539 either sex, further back than, and including, a grandparent.
825 Then he told the following story.

Muwatskawits and his kinsman.

[252 227] All the men went to catch *inang* (very small fish, which are boiled to make a kind of soup) with *auna* (nets having a specially fine mesh). They caught *inang*. Muwatskawits came close up to their legs all the time. My grandfather (*tubune*) Tchiabuin was angry with him. "Don't come up all the time round our legs. You must not bite the legs of all these men." Muwatskawits came up underneath Tchiabuin between his legs, and picked him up. He did not eat him, he played with him, he carried him without hurting him. He went inside his hole. He went, he talked, and said: "You look at my bed, I want to show you my place." He called out to all his children: "You fellows come up, so that my kinsman can see all my children." He showed him everything, then he brought him back to the shore just opposite the place where our people are buried. He (*i.e.* Tchiabuin) went ashore. He said: "Muwatskawits caught me in the water, he showed me his house, and his bed, and all his children." They all made a feast for him, they caught a pig, they washed my grandfather's skin, all [484] the women got salt-water and poured it over his legs. (This is the custom when anyone returns safely from a long journey.) The shark came up, he went and lay on the sand. My grandfather ran with a piece of the pig and gave it to him.

Now if a shark from another place wants to eat us, Muwatskawits chases him and kills him, so that he dies. "You must not eat my children. I don't want you to come here. If you don't go back I shall kill you."

● [115] These stories were told me by Togen, a middle-aged man living at Kurtatchi but originally from Timputs, a village some twenty-five miles further along the coast in an easterly direction.

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right presently?" Now all the snakes went away, the man was all right again. His father was very happy: "My child is all right again now." His father and his kinsmen caught a pig and gave it to the man who was kin to the snake-spirit.

This story was told by Tchiniv, an elderly woman of Ruri, the next village to Kurtatchi, about four miles to the east, but having a different dialect.

Class VII. Transformation Stories.

In yet a third kind of story involving animals, a human being changes himself into some creature, and sometimes back again, usually out of pique, or in revenge for a supposed injury. I cannot call to mind any in which the transformation is effected by somebody else, as occurs in the Arabian Nights stories. Some of the tales in this class may possibly be origin stories representing the first appearance of the creature involved, but as the teller did not say so I have classified them separately. They do not appear to have any totemic significance.

Woman into Fish.

Two women were fighting. One woman was fighting with her sister. One of the women said: "What are you beating me for?" The other woman said: "All right! You just wait till my husband comes." Her husband came now. He asked: "What are you doing to my wife?" The woman's sister said: "Oh! I am cross with her, she won't be kind to me, she is cross with me all the time." The man's wife said: "All right. By and bye you people will be looking for me, do you think I shall stay here?" Now the woman went to the shore, she went to get some clams. Her sister said: "What are you going to eat with the clams you are catching?" "Never mind, I shall eat them without anything, I have no taro to eat with them." She went into the sea,

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came, they lay down, their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-ack. 539
Another line lay down, their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-r-ack. The child's mother wanted to go to sleep, the child lay down and put his head in her lap. The mother tried to send the child to sleep first. The child slept. The mother went to sleep, her skin came off, the child was lying against her bones. The child was cold in the night, he thought the light in his mother's eyes was fire. He seized hold of his mother's eye. His mother said: "What are you doing to my eye?" "I thought it was a fire." "This place has no fire." Then the mother said: "To-morrow I shall take you back home."

Dawn broke. The mother hid the child. The people of the village went to work, there was no one left in the village. The child's mother watched the people go, she hid. When they had all gone she brought the child to the village. The child ate some taro, he said: "Why don't you eat some taro?" "I am not the same as I was before, I am different now." Then the mother went back. The child cried: "Oh, let me come with you." His mother said: "No, you can't come with me. You must die first, you go back now. You can't come now because you are still alive." Then his mother went away. The child sat down in the house and cried: "Oh! Oh! my mother has gone away." His mother went back to the place of all the *urar*, the next day the child died.

This story was told by Sankuro, of Kurtatchi, a boy in his later teens, still wearing the *upi*. He said he had heard the old man telling it. The details about *urar* given in the tale correspond with those obtained from other informants when discussing the question of death without reference to the tales. [115]

Class IX. Stories about Pinari and Tukis.

538
The beings with which the stories in this class are concerned occupy a place in the native scheme of things totally 776

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The woman went to the taro garden, and the little brother went behind the woman to the taro garden. He did not come up to the woman, he hid. The woman took her pack on her back, and went back to the house, and the boy went behind her. They went back, and the woman prepared a pot. Then the boy came up to her, and said: "Oh! You are my wife." Then the big brother came up, and the two brothers went off together, and the big brother said: "By and bye I shall marry that woman." "No, I don't like that, she belongs to me, I saw her first." 539

Then the three of them went and got a fishing net, and went fishing. The woman was crying, and the little brother asked her: "What is the matter?" She said: "Nothing, I am crying about my skin, I am afraid it will come off in the water, it is not strong yet. You two must catch a pig and give me some to eat, I am only paint, I am not strong yet."

Then the woman sang:

Eia ro tsinag, eia ro tamag, [533]
Tchenoto eia luma-a tche koreme,
Toa, toa.

This song is in a dialect different from that spoken at Kurtatchi, in which the rest of the tale was told. It resembles the dialect spoken on the coast of Buka. It was translated as follows: "Oh mother! Oh father! Presently the woman will stink in the house. Presently I shall disappear." It was sung very slowly, in a minor key, and repeated several times with obvious satisfaction.

The story was told by Nanep, one of the younger men. I have found no parallel to it, up to the present. [115]

The foregoing categories indicate the scope of my collection of folk-tales, with the omission of those few which involve the White Man, such as the coming of the first schooner or the natives' first experience of tobacco. I hope at some subsequent opportunity to publish more of these 538